

An Humble

# ADDRESS

TO THE

Most ILLUSTRIOUS and High Born

**James Francis Edward,**

Present Prince of WALES.

**T**Hou greatest Prince in the whole Christian World  
If from ABOVE thy Soul was hither hurl'd,  
In Sacred Wedlock, plain to our Lords appear  
In spite of Fate thou still art Legal Heir :  
If from Below thy Noble Soul did come,  
Thou art Præ-cursor to the Pope of *Rome*,  
His certain Down fall, therefore we declare  
An open War against the *Roman* Chair.  
Peace pretty Prince, Peace Petty Prince, thy Fate  
God only knows, neither the Church nor State ;  
Thy Birth, some say, is of the deepest Dye ;  
Thou Guiltless art, though some for thee may Lie,  
Us to Enslave to *Roman* Tyranny. }  
What an Imposter set up in the Throne?  
Like to that vertuous Pope the Lady *Joan*.  
Sure this Exploit will ope the *Romans* Eyes  
That their grand Popes are Devils in Disguise.  
In setting of thee up, they spoil'd their *Plot*,  
And now their Names will ever Die and Rot :  
And if thou Liv'st but ten Years more to come,  
Thou may'st then hear there was a Pope of *Rome*,  
And hundreds more, who Piss'd all in one Quill,  
No Laws could bind them, only their own Will.  
By such great Shams, we now may plainly see  
Not *Rome* nor *English* Church should make us Free, }  
Save this high A R B O R, God's Great *Orange-Tree*. }

*Soli Deo Gloria.*